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AGRICULTURAL.

☞ *"Agriculture is the chief foundation of a nation's power, as it not only furnishes man with food and clothing, but also with materials for the mechanic arts, and commerce."* ☜

From the Plough, the Loom and the Anvil.

Farmers and Book-Learning.

It is a very common thing to decry "book-learning," especially in its relation to the practical business of life. Something may be said by way of apology for this habit, but it is unquestionably productive of great evil. All readers know a great deal, and about a great many subjects. But how much of this knowledge is the result of their own unaided experience? Were all they have acquired from other sources erased from the tablet of their minds, they would be very much inclined to shave their heads, and play the monk, till they have qualified themselves anew for the stations they now occupy.

Whence was this knowledge chiefly obtained? From two sources: reading and conversation. This is true of all kinds of knowledge, both of the arts and the sciences. But conversation can be carried on by only a limited number of individuals. Ears are not so constituted as to enable us to hear all that is said in the world, or even in our own neighborhood, not all that is worth hearing. The pen and press step in, and do what they can to supply this deficiency; communicating with multitudes who, without their aid, could know nothing of these things. We can now hear thousands of miles; and thus is scattered, as on the wings of the wind, the information which would otherwise attract the attention of but few.

In theory, the pen and press communicate the better part of what is thought or spoken; and though they sometimes err, the fault is not unpardonable, nor fatal. We should be thankful that we are obliged to read and hear so little of what is worthless.

Note another fact. Nine-tenths of all that appears in the ponderous volume, relating to matters of general interest, first appeared in some periodical. Neither in the arts nor in the sciences do we find an exception to this remark. Nay, more. In the periodical, this truth first appears in a form suited to the wants of the public. Afterwards it is remodelled, and being clothed in a scholastic dress, forms a volume of science, suited only to the learned. An illustration of this, fresh in the recollection of my readers, is found in the "pendulum experiment," as illustrating the revolution, of the earth. You may remember the story of the young gentleman, born and bred in the city, who, having purchased a farm in the country, was offered his choice out of a large herd of cows. Though a little embarrassed, lest he might display his ignorance, he soon made a selection, saying: "I will take this thick-necked one." Upon this, the boy was ordered, with a partially suppressed laugh from all hands, to drive to the young farmer's new establishment a fine, stout bull. Had this youth but examined even "the pictures" in our agricultural journals, he might have avoided so ridiculous a blunder, and the milk-maid would have been spared the mortification of being sent out to obtain her supply for the dairy from an animal unaccustomed to render such service.

There is a great deal of *fancy farming.* The incident just detailed belongs to this department. The young farmer selected his "cow" on that principle. Thousands do the same thing. Some of this class carry on their farms very much as some body is said to have bought a library—by the appearance of the covers. Each has his own fancy, and is controlled by it; while true science and common sense have not even a seat at the council-board.

Nor is this class of farmers confined to the novice. It may be found among those who have grown gray upon the farm. True, in outward form, there may sometimes be a fair appearance. One may manifest an ardent desire to adopt the best modes, and yet may belong in these ranks. *He refuses thoroughly to inform himself,* but is governed by his fancy in following the lead of a mere pretender. *This is his fancy.* He prefers this to the study of science.

I remember visiting one of the best farming towns in Massachusetts some two years ago, and when in conversation with some of the most intelligent farmers in this place, one of them inquired: "Are you concerned in Bommer's patent?" An emphatic "No, sir," and a smile, materially affected a visage already unnaturally prolonged by the recollection of ten dollars thrown away on that humbug. Five dollars paid for a single paper that explained that mysterious fertilizer, would have saved "other five" dollars, not only for him, but for several of his neighbors. "Experience," *as the word is properly used,* is but an imperfect security against the thousand cheats & humbugs to be found in every community.

He is but a fancy farmer who chooses to continue the modes and methods of his ancestors. His father and grandfather used to do so, and hence it must be right. This is his only principle of action. In other words, it is his fancy to do so, because *they* did. He knows how to conduct a farm only by imitation, and looks to the past for his models, without knowing or understanding the result of his own or their operations. To him there is no such thing as progress, and failure and success are words without meaning. Twenty bushels of corn to the acre is quite satisfactory, so long as he departs from no established usage, and is not outdone by his neighbors. I know not why he should be called a wise man more than our city born friend before spoken of.—Both are governed alike by considerations undeserving of confidence.

The subject of manures is a great science. Our fathers knew but little about it. They had less occasion to know than we have, for they had not so thoroughly exhausted their soils. But the process was carried on with a terrible destructive constancy. We are trying to carry it a little farther, and in some instances, the work seems complete through almost entire States. Harvests fail to support the laborer, and this, in any other employment, would be considered and treated as a failure. No other class of men would remain contented with this condition. The farmer alone manifests patience so perfect, and that too when he *might* double and quadruple his income.

How entire is the revolution in the mode of conducting most of the manual operations of the day! Every art has its improved tools and reformed methods. Agriculture ought not to be counted an exception. The youngest of our readers can remember the publication of the first work worthy the name of Agricultural Chemistry; and science necessarily precedes judicious, intelligent practice. Under other circumstances, we can only *blunder* upon success. We may happen to *guess* right, but the chances are strongly against us. But with correct views of the chemistry of agriculture, the way is opened for the judicious application of manures and a wiser succession of crops. Hence there is no apology for such a condition of things.

"Poor land" often means scarcely more than that it is adapted only to particular products, or that it needs a peculiar manure. But circumstances forbid the further discussion of this subject at present, and I must wait a future opportunity. I purpose to resume it hereafter.

M. P. P.

POLITICAL.

What we are Doing at Home.

The nomination of General Scott by the whig Convention at Baltimore, was the most flagrant insult ever offered to the public opinion of a civilized nation. Throughout the United States, among all honorable and patriotic whigs, a sentiment of profound regret and mortification has been expressed. No intelligent man doubts that the whig party has now ceased to exist. Its life has been terminated by an act of suicide so contemptible, so undeserving of public commiseration, that the best friends of the deceased will even rejoice in witnessing the funeral obsequies. It is no doubt true, that common-place men, whose vision was not strong enough to see the eagle in his flight, have tried to check the grandeur of his soaring, and they have pretended that Webster did not possess the elements of popularity. Without exception those who pretended to be his friends, have pleaded in excuse for the nomination of his peacock rival, that Mr. Webster was not an *available* candidate, although they have lost no occasion of assuring their friends and the public that they would have infinitely preferred him to any of his rivals. The sincerity of this mode of talking, the public has already had sufficient opportunity to judge of. Mr. Webster's whole career, if it has not drawn out as many hurrahs as some other men's, has shown that he has a deeper lodgment in the confidence of the nation, than any other man of his party. Whenever Mr. Webster has come out with his views on any subject, his opinions have controlled the action and the policy of the nation. We might cite many instances in proof of this; but let me recall the position of Mr. Webster at the helm while the Oregon matter was pending. Mr. McLane was then at the court of London, and both nations were agitated by the prospect of war. Meteors were blazing in the sky. There was suspicion, alarm, and apprehension everywhere. No negotiation seemed to advance. No treaty seemed to promise itself. At this crisis Mr. Webster arose in the American Senate, and while the fiery visions and dark clouds of approaching hostilities were glaring on the eyes of both nations, he uttered those words—"I see how this thing must end." He sketched in his speech the outline of the treaty that was subsequently negotiated and ratified. The London *Times,* which has long been the organ of public opinion of enlightened Englishmen; which sooner or later must prevail in the councils of that great nation, said, when a packet arrived bringing the news of Mr. Webster's opinions, "we have ceased to cherish any alarm. The greatest man in the western world has become the exponent of the opinion of America, and we doubt not that before noon to morrow a negotiation will be entered into in Downing street, which will result in the triumph of peaceful diplomacy."

No matter how much hurrah has been made about Mr. Clay, pure, upright, and splendid as he was; it was all fustian compared with the deep, grave sentiment of confidence which the Whig party and the whole country reposed in Daniel Webster, and which even as a *popular* sentiment, convulsed the nation from side to side. There was an enthusiasm about the confidence which the Whigs and the better portion of the Democrats as a *party,* placed in Daniel Webster's international judgments which created something more than excitement:—There was an agitation when he had spoken, and the calm which followed indicated how deep and profound was the repose of the nation in the infallibility of his political forecast. In all great crises the ideas of Mr. Webster, during his public life, have absolutely controlled the country. No man has lived in America, since the time of Washington, to whom the nation looked so confidingly for the expression of his opinion in every trying time of the Republic.

If our readers will go back to that alarming period, when, owing to certain unfortunate misunderstandings, on the subject of state rights and confederative sovereignty, South Carolina seemed to menace her allegiance, they will recall the noble stand Mr. Webster took in the United States Senate, when the firmness and patriotism of Gen. Jackson drew forth from Webster's lips that sublime eulogium which he pronounced on the Veteran Hero, with a fervor that he has seldom shown when speaking of his contemporaries or rivals. Mr. Webster was always too great for his party. If the whigs had possessed that broad, universal patriotism that has distinguished the Democrats from the time of Jefferson, they would have discovered in Mr. Webster's genius, the star of promise that would have guided them from conquest to conquest, until they had absorbed all the nationality of the nation, and made themselves the inheritors of the future, as they would have become the dictators of the present. But the unfortunate great Whig Party has been wrecked by the fanaticism of some of its leaders;—we do not speak of Henry Clay; peace to the ashes of the Sage of Ashland! While the Titan arms of the steam-press are throwing off our edition, the venerated remains of that great and good man are being borne by a funeral procession to their lasting repose, more imposing than Thorwaldsen himself had in his fancy when he sculptured the Triumph of Alexander the Great. We do not speak of Taylor, the heroic, the brave, and good old man. He was not to blame, because he was immolated upon the altar of political fanaticism, by a crowd of heartless demagogues—he! this old Cincinnatus of our Republic, whose life was too short to show how well he was entitled to that classic cognomen—Taylor, peace also to his ashes. They rest on the Mississippi. It will be a holy spot for the pilgrim of Democracy in future times to go, and when his tears have fallen over the ashes of Clay, they will bedew the grave of Taylor: but ah! how mad is the great, enlightened—the all-piety—the all-intelligent Whig Party, in deserting their greatest man that Heaven has in its beneficence given to humanity, to take up plumes, fuss, and feathers and battles, merely to humbug the American people. God forgive them for so gross and awful an insult to the intelligence of their fellow-citizens, as to suppose that they do not know how to appreciate those great civic virtues which are upon the lips of all the Whigs, and in the hearts of so few of them.

Poor Henry Clay—the great—the gifted—the noble—the very Cato of our Republic—the man who emblazoned to the world more brilliantly than any of his contemporaries the mighty signs of hope for all nations. Henry Clay died with the sad consciousness that he had over-estimated the intelligence, the genius, and the patriotism of his party; and when his heart-strings were breaking, if the genius of the political western world did linger in the last moment around the scenes it had haunted so long, it could not have been unconscious that he himself had been immolated upon the altar of political expediency, which turned out to be political folly in 1840, and political ruin in 1848, and the great and glorious old man, doubtless, went down to his grave overshadowed by the cloud that the Whigs seem destined to invoke over the sepulchres of their great men.

Daniel Webster!—the very mention of such a name stirs up in the blood of an American, a pride of county, which even Henry Clay could not. We remember some years ago, when we had the pleasure of conversing with a British statesman, then at the head of the English Government, a remark of his when we had expressed some forebodings about the peaceful relations of the two countries, "Oh!" said, he, holding Webster's speech, reprinted in the Times, with an illuminated editorial, "You need not trouble yourself about war. Mr. Webster's speech has settled this question." 54, 40, was written on every fence in the country. Webster had, in that speech, pronounced those awfully ominous figures—49, and that settled the opinions of the world. There has never been, from the time of Alexander to Napoleon, a man on the face of the earth, that possessed such power over a nation of enlightened men. The mere utterance of a few words from Daniel Webster has established the destiny and the fate of the nation. There never has been, within the annals of history, an intellect that put forth so instantaneous, so universal a power; and yet this magnificent, this splendid Whig party says he was not *available.* Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad. We are not acquainted with an act of such supreme folly as the nomination of Scott. There is something stupendous about it. It is like the fall of Cæsar, without the grace of his dying. One single stab was enough to send this "sheeted ghost to hell," and not even a Brutus was required in the slaughter. But, the honest truth is, the Whig party, which has so long prated and preached to us about the eloquence of Webster, and the patriotism of Clay, has ended in fuss and feathers, and smoke, and humbug. While Henry Clay was travelling in the greatness of his strength, admired not only by this nation, but all mankind, when his portrait was lithographed in Europe, engraved on steel in Great Britain, multiplied by the thousand in other parts of the world; and even when the celestial Chinese had put him on their tea-boxes, and good likenesses at that, without foreshortening, Americans were as unconscious, or rather we will say the Whigs were—of his merit, as they were of some wonderful man in Japan, or some other distant part of the world. They left the glorious and magnificent statesman with his clear head, warm heart, and splendid genius, to become another convert to that oft-repeated slander, as we have always termed it, that republics are ungrateful. So, too, with Daniel Webster. Everybody says, "he is a great man, but you cannot elect him." What confidence these Whigs must have in their all-decency party, when they do not dare to nominate the greatest man the sun shines upon! They want the gutter argument, and like the dog in the fable, they lose the meat, and the shadow too, for they put up a man who has never had a claim to the office, and never will—Gen. Scott, and, then hurrah for Chepultepec.

It ought not to entitle a man to become President of the United States because he happens to have won victories with the aid of the best educated, and most enlightened legions, that ever followed a conqueror's banner. In the palmiest days of his power Napoleon never marshalled such soldiers. He had more men, he had more cannon, he had a prestige that was almost omnipotent; but never, in three hours, did he work among his enemies such ruin, as was worked, not by Gen. Scott, but by his fellow-citizens—each one fired with the precision of a Kentucky sportsman—each one of whom shot with the intelligence of an educated man, and the patriotism of one who likes his country. Strip Gen. Scott of all his fustian and humbug, and then hunt for his claims to the Presidency. Bennett, of the *Herald,* says he will make a great President, (if he ever makes any,) for the newspapers. Telegraphs will flash his political vagaries from ocean to ocean. He will, doubtless, propose to build a new line to the Pacific for the special benefit of his administration; but that poor telegraph would have very little news of any importance to communicate, unless it were that the American Republic had been sold out at auction, as the Romans, in the days of their degeneracy, put up their purple under the auctioneership of the Prætorian Guards. Away with all this! The "Herald of the Union" was established especially, solely, entirely and heartily, to maintain the great political compact of 1850. Clay, one of the veteran patriots who brought to that consummation the aid of his genius and power, sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. Cass, the ideal of Democratic genius, and of the Republic of liberty, has been thought unworthy of her civic crown—we might say some bitterer words than these on that subject. And Webster, whose Herculean genius was brought to bear upon that magnificent consummation, has been "laid on the shelf." But there is great consolation in the reflection that, while both the Democrats and the Whigs have deserted their leaders, the Whigs alone have deserted their principles. Pierce, as our readers will see, by referring to another column, is no unworthy representative of the great doctrine we have inherited from our fathers—the Union, for the sake of the Union, and what it cost—the nationality of our thirty-one republics stretching so far that nothing but the glorious sunrise can light one border, and nothing but the sunset gleams can terminate the frontier on the other.

We are sorry to write these words, but we cannot withhold them; and, moreover, as we are willing to appeal to the better judgment, to the sober-second thought of all the great and true national Whigs of this country, and we should not be afraid to await the decision they would award. Where is the national Whig in this country, from Maine to California, that has hazarded the opinion that Scott was the choice of his party. Bill Seward has done it: so has Horace Greeley. These are the Ephesian wretches that have already lit the torch and flung it under the columns of our political temple. These are the demagogues who have agitated merely for the sake of agitation, that have reduced statesmanship to this degradation; that have played that game which, but for good Whigs, and such Democrats as Cass, Houston, Douglass, and others, would have ended the history of our Union, and in the fine language of Webster, even the young American eagle would have fallen from mid-heaven, when soaring to the sun, struck by the fatal dart of disunion. These are the men who pretended to find in the domestic institutions of the South *abundant* cause for agitation, when God in Heaven knows that every blow levelled against the slaveholder, by these fanatics, has fallen upon the head of the slave. These are the men who would begin by burning down the temple of liberty over the ashes of Washington. They are the descendants of that race of political vipers, who, seventy years ago, showed their heads at the North and in the South, and tried to stop the consolidation of the American Republic. This same question was then agitated by the very same class of men who have agitated ever since, and it is for personal elevation that the scoundrels keep it up.

We wish too that we could exempt the South from a word of censure here; for it so happens that at the very last *she gave just votes enough to nominate Scott.* So far as the *Herald of the Union* is concerned, we wish to give very definitely and unmistakably our opinion on this subject. This paper was not set up to defend the South. Her rights are based upon what we still hope will prove to be the immortal tablets of the Constitution. She needs no arguments, she needs no favors. She never asks for them. She only wants common justice. But when Northern men have fought year in and year out for her legal, her constitution-guaranteed rights, and we find that *she* takes the linchpin out of the team, all we have to say is, go ahead. Drive where you like, but you don't take me in for passenger. If you are base enough to take Gen. Scott, take care of your slavery, take care of your houses, your homes, your wives, your children. Don't ask me to stand by you when fate brings the hour.

In the heat of composition we have said this, but more in sorrow than in anger. Hear us then for a moment, friends, brothers, countrymen. You know that Gen. Scott is but a General. Let his laurels remain where they have been placed. We will be the last to snatch them from his brow; but have you Whigs descended so low that you do not dare to risk the issue upon civic merit? Must you cloud up the ballot-box with the sulphurous blasts of gunpowder? Must you all-decency men, you all-piety people choose a military peacock to represent you, under the contemptible plea that you are not strong enough to put the great man—the greatest man you or your party ever had, or ever will have—into the Presidential chair? Will you, men of the South, when you know that we Union men of the North have been working for you vehemently, generously, without being bought, without being paid, without expecting a reward, or hoping for one, or wishing for one—will you turn us the cold shoulder, and put in the man that we have been most patriotically trying to put down? Will you take the man who was put up by Horace Greeley, the arch-agitator of the present century, and adopt as your favorite the man who has had even the prayers, if we can believe the methodist preachers, of Bill Seward? Will you take the man of Lloyd Garrison even, and Fred. Douglass, the nigger? Do you want to vote for Seward, personated by this six feet two inches General? If you do, take him; but remember, gentlemen of the South, every vote cast South of Mason's and Dixon's line for General Scott, is a vote against the Constitution—against the Union—in favor of Seward—in favor of Greeley—in favor of the men who have kept the torch burning to fire your homes with. If you think not, try the experiment. We are safe enough here. We have no particular apprehensions when we go to sleep. The firemen will put out the conflagration. The ghost of the negro does not haunt our pillows.

New York Herald of the Union.

LETTER FROM

General Pierce.

Concord, N. H., July 23, 1852.

My dear Sir: Surrounded by pressing engagements, I seize the earliest opportunity to reply to your letter of the 17th instant. I much regret that any thing connected with myself should have been the cause of disagreement between you and the gentlemen with whom you have been associated in the editorial department of the Southern Press. I do not remember ever to have seen what purports to be a report of a speech delivered by me at New Boston, in this State, in January last, until my attention was called to it as republished in the Republic. The pretended report is, and I presume was designed to be, an entire misrepesentation. It is not merely untruthful, but is so grossly and absurdly false as to render, in this vicinity, any denial of its authenticity entirely unnecessary. The two papers quoted—the Independent Democrat, published in this place, and the Democrat published in Manchester—are thoroughly abolition journals; and have been and are zeal-